VORTEX · COMICS
$1.75
STIG'S
INFERNO
NUMBER FIVE

Back when it all started, this Hell business I mean, there were clear cut ways to get there and equally certain ways to avoid it. We all knew that the pathway was paved with good intentions and that you more or less had to go against one of those well thought out commandments to get on Satan's bad side. (That's the way I preferred it, and they really were a good set of rules to follow. If nobody disobeyed them, about all we'd have to worry about would be shows like Riptide and Misfits of Science.) Anyway, over the years the pathways to Hell and damnation have become a little more specialized and, in my humble opinion, a lot less sensible. Who does it hurt if you have an impure thought about Monica Fineberg just as you're getting out of the shower when you're fifteen? It don't hurt Monica none. Heck, she probably had the same kind of thoughts about you (unless you were that toady little runt in the third desk from the front named Martin something-or-other who smelled a little odd most every day, and who always fixed his glasses with a band-aid when he broke them which was pretty often from what I remember) so go ahead and think them. By the same token, it's not really considered a sin to go through someone's photo album without first asking them if you can when you you go over to their house and they tell you have to wait in the living room for just a minute while they make a phone call, but I think it's pretty jerky behaviour. The theologians won't talk about it.

Well, the time has come.

I may not be in charge of making up new sins but I am in a position to tell you that there are some new ones out there. It's one of the advantages of writing Stig's Inferno that you get to talk to denizens of the Underworld on a more relaxed and informal basis. They drop 'round for tea and biscuits on occasion, and just the other day I was chatting with Astaroth the Undying. He told me of a new batch of sins waiting to be voted on. Sort of "Sins for the 80s" you might say.

STIG'S INFERNO VOLUME 1 NUMBER 5, IS PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY VORTEX (INFERNO), 68 SUMACH ST., TORONTO, ONTARIO CANADA M5A 3S7. WILLIAM F. MARKS PUBLISHER. STIG'S INFERNO IS A TRADEMARK OF VORTEX (INFERNO). ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1986 VORTEX (INFERNO). ALL CHARACTERS CONTAINED HEREIN, AND THEIR DISTINCTIVE LIKENESSES ARE TRADEMARKS OF VORTEX (INFERNO). VORTEX IS A TRADEMARK OF VORTEX MAGAZINE AND VORTEX COMICS INC. PRINTED IN CANADA. DESIGN DIRECTION BY MODERN IMAGEWORKS.

STIG'S INFERNO

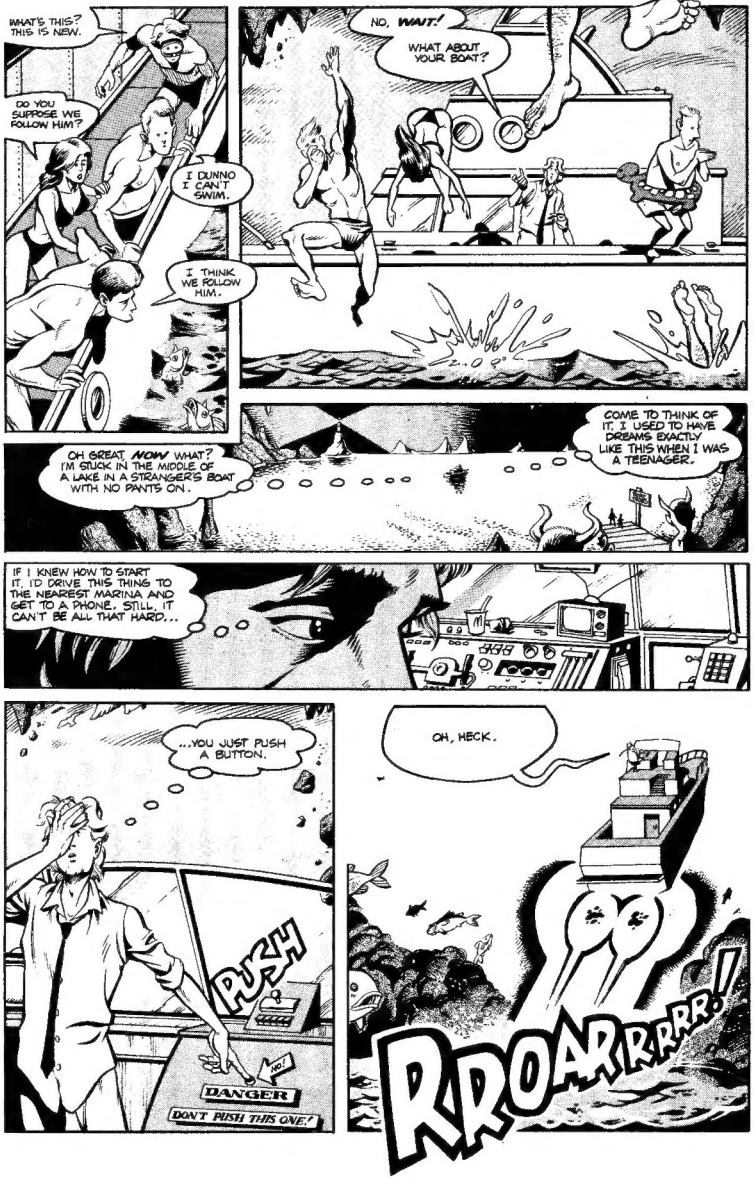
I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS JOB, NOTHING EVER CHANGES FROM DAY TO DAY. ALWAYS THE SAME KIDS WANTING TO GET ON BOARD. ONLY THE FACES EVER CHANGE.
WE'RE ALWAYS THE SAME.
WE NEVER CHANGE.
MY, BUT HE'S GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS JOB...

ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED BY TY TEMPLETON

WHO'S THIS GUY?
YEAH, WHO'S THIS GUY...?
YOU NEEDN'T REPEAT EVERYTHING I SAY... PLEASE...
OH HANG ON A MINUTE. ARAM I KNOW YOU...
YOU WERE ON CABLE. LAST WEEK. WHINING ABOUT YOUR LEONARD NIMOY DESIGNER JEANS. I HAVEN'T LAUGHED LIKE THAT SINCE I READ VOID INDIGO.
NOPE.
MY PANTS! YOU SAW WHO TOOK THEM...?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D TELL YOU EVEN IF I DID KNOW, SHADE?
HE WOULDN'T TELL YOU EVEN IF HE DID KNOW.
AH, BUT YOU WERE ENTERTAINING. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. TONS BETTER THAN MIDGET WRESTLING.
HE'S HERE!!
EXCUSE ME, WON'T YOU?
"BIG, NASTY." CAR
OFF! EVERYBODY OFF! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU BUMS THAT THE BOAT IS OFF LIMITS? THERE'S NOTHING FOR YOU HERE.
COME ON, BLONDIE. GIVE ME YOUR COIN AND GET ON BOARD.
HIT!
SMEK

I HAVEN'T GOT A COIN. THEY STOLE MY PANTS. I DON'T EVEN HAVE MY TRANSIT PASS.
NO COIN? HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO BE FERRIED ACROSS ACHERON WITHOUT A COIN?
I THOUGHT, MAYBE, IF YOU'RE GOING MY WAY I COULD HITCH A RIDE...
THEY DIDN'T PUT A COIN ON YOUR EYES FOR ME? S'FUNNY, EYES HAVE BEEN ALL THE RAGE RECENTLY. YOU'D BETTER CHECK YOUR MOUTH.
I'M SORRY. I'LL LOOK IN MY POCKET BUT I DOUBT I'LL FIND ANYTHING... THIS ISN'T MY SHIRT.
NOPE, NOT EVEN A GOLD FILLING
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I WAS NEVER ALL THAT KEEN ON MOUTHS. YUCHH ON WHOEVER CAME UP WITH THAT TRADITION! THE ANGUISH OF SOME OF THESE PEOPLE...
HELLO? WHAT'S THIS..?
A BOTTLE OF VISINE..?
LUCKY THING FOR YOU THAT WAS IN THERE, YOU COULD USE SOME. ALL THAT SMOKE COMING FROM YOUR EYES MUST ITCH LIKE THE DICKENS.
WHAT?!?
COULD IT BE?!?

VISINE?!?
THE LEGENDS SPOKE OF A SHADE BEARING VISINE, BUT I NEVER BELIEVED IT POSSIBLE!
GIVE IT HERE!
YEAH. GIVE IT THERE.
GO FOR IT
GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!
YOU KNOW, FOR A DRINK SPOKEN OF ONLY IN FRIGHTENED WHISPERS, THAT'S REALLY BLOODY AWFUL.
AND I SUDDENLY DON'T FEEL ALL TOO WELL...
GACK!
ARF! ARF!
ARF!
ARF!


WHAT'S THIS? THIS IS NEW.
DO YOU SUPPOSE WE FOLLOW HIM?
I DUNNO I CAN'T SWIM.
I THINK WE FOLLOW HIM.
NO, WAIT!
WHAT ABOUT YOUR BOAT?
OH GREAT, NOW WHAT? I'M STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF A LAKE IN A STRANGER'S BOAT WITH NO PANTS ON.
COME TO THINK OF IT, I USED TO HAVE DREAMS EXACTLY LIKE THIS WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER.
IF I KNEW HOW TO START IT, I'D DRIVE THIS THING TO THE NEAREST MARINA AND GET TO A PHONE. STILL, IT CAN'T BE ALL THAT HARD...
...YOU JUST PUSH A BUTTON.
PUSH
NO!
DANGER
DON'T PUSH THIS ONE!
OH, HECK.
RROARRRRR!

THE GATES OF HELL.
IF I UNDERSTAND YOU CORRECTLY, YOU'RE SAYING THAT JUST BECAUSE ALL OF US FELL A FEW MILES DOWN THE SIDE OF A SHEER CLIFF IN A BURNING BUILDING, AND JUST BECAUSE WE ALL WOKE UP HERE UNHURT, AND JUST BECAUSE, NO MATTER WHAT OUR AGES WERE THIS MORNING WE ALL SEEM TO BE TWENTY-FIVE OR SO, AND JUST BECAUSE WE HAVE IDENTIFIED THAT DOORWAY AS THE GATEWAY INTO ABBEZ...
...THAT WE'RE DEAD.
POLICE LIN
BASICALLY, YEAH.
ABSOLUTE NONSENSE. I FEEL FINE. TRY TO HAVE A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK, BEATRICE.
SHE HAS A POINT, SIR. I LOST THE END OF THIS FINGER A FEW YEARS BACK IN AN UNUSUAL GIN RUMMY ACCIDENT AND IT'S GROWN BACK, GOOD AS NEW...
I CAN'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY TO EXPLAIN IT.
ONE THING BOTHERS ME, THOUGH. WE HAD TO READ DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY IN HIGH SCHOOL...
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. WE DID BEOWULF *TWICE*. WHAT A BORE.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.
NO. ACCORDING TO THE POEM, IF WE REALLY *WERE* DEAD WE WOULDN'T BE ON THIS SIDE OF THAT DOOR. WE'D ALL BE IN THE TERRIBLE PALACE OF KING MINOS, CHAINED IN A NEAR-ENDLESS NAKED PROCESSION AWAITING HIS JUDGEMENT UPON OUR SINS.
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME! LET'S GO.
WHAT I'M SAYING IS... IF THAT *IS* THE TRUE GATE INTO HELL...
...WE ARE ON THE SIDE OF THE LIVING.

SEE? I TOLD YOU! SGT. HARRIS, STICK YOUR TONGUE OUT AT THIS WOMAN AND DO IT CONTEMPTUOUSLY.
GET BACK HERE, YOU ANTI-MACASSAR SCUM!
WE'RE STILL NOT OUT OF THE WOODS, SIR. THE ONLY WAY BACK INTO THE WORLD OF FLESH IS THROUGH THAT DOOR, THROUGH THE LEGIONS OF DARKNESS AND HORROR, DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF HELL AND PAST SATAN HIMSELF.
DOUBLE-NYAH!
UH...CAN I BEG OFF, SIR? I'M NOT FEELING ALL THAT WELL. THROAT INFECTION, I SHOULD THINK...
OKEY-DOKE. LET'S HOP TO IT. BELKERS HAVING A ROOT CANAL ON HILL STREET THIS WEEK AND I, FOR ONE, AM NOT GOING TO MISS IT.
IT HOLDS UNTOLD DANGERS.
WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED? ANYONE ELSE?
BLEEP
THAT DEPENDS... DO WE GET OVERTIME FOR THIS?
IN FACT, IT'S QUITE REASONABLE TO LEAVE A FEW MEN BEHIND TO ACT AS A SORT OF REAR GUARD. MANUAL EVEN SAYS SO...
OKAY. I VOLUNTEER!
HOLD ONTO SANGUINARY, BATMAN!
YO! VOLUNTEERING HERE!
THAT'S FOR ME, THIS REAR GUARD STUFF!
YUP!
I'LL HOLD DOWN THE FORT HERE, SIR!
ME! ME!
SCUFF! SHUFFLE! KICK!

FAR BELOW, IN THE BOWELS OF THE INFERNO...
I FEEL FOOLISH DRIVING MYSELF TO THE PARTY. IT'S UNDIGNIFIED FOR SOMEONE OF MY POSITION TO BE SEEN WITHOUT A CHAUFFEUR.
I TOLD YOU, I DON'T FIT BEHIND THE WHEEL, SIRE.
I'M NOT BLAMING YOU, BOB. YOU'VE BEEN A DEAR.
DOES HE HAVE TO RIDE WITH US, MY LORD?
HE'S NOT JUST RESPONSIBLE FOR AUNTITUS.
DON'T LET HIM HEAR THAT.
TURN ON HEADLIGHTS
OF COURSE, LOVE, I'M POSITIVELY LOST WITHOUT BOB.
5 M.P.H.
PARKING LOT FULL
COULDN'T WE GET HIM TO WEAR A NO-TEST-STRIP OR SOMETHING?
HELENE...
NOT THAT IT MATTERS. IT'S LIKE RIDING A BIKE... YOU NEVER FORGET HOW.
HELL 2
SEE? THIS ISN'T SO BAD.
A LITTLE EAGIER ON THE ACCELERATOR PLEASE, SIRE. THE LIMIT IS FIFTY-FIVE.
NONSENSE. I'M HAVING FUN.
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE YOU ACTUALLY DROVE YOURSELF ANYWHERE, HASN'T IT?

I THINK YOU MISSED OUR TURN BACK THERE.
WHAT, OVER BY THAT ELDERLY GENTLEMAN I RAN DOWN?
NO, BEFORE THAT. JUST AFTER YOU DROVE THROUGH THAT CROWD OF CHILDREN.
WAS THERE A TURN THERE?
55
EEEOOOWEOOOEE!
OH CRIMINY! IT'S THE COPS!
WE GOTTA MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
MUST WE?
JUST FOR FUN, WHY DON'T YOU TRY ACTING YOUR AGE...? DON'T BE SUCH A CHILD.
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, FLATFOOT...
...I RULE THE ROADS!
HELL-Z
WEEEOOO!
WEEEEOOOO!
ALRIGHT SPEEDY GONZALES... YOU GOT ANY IDEA HOW FAST YOU WERE GOING?
I'M SORRY, OFFICER, I GUESS I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION.
WELL, AS MUCH AS IT PAINS ME, I'M GONNA HAVE TO WRITE YOU A MASSIVE TICKET, BOY.
HELL-Z
Y'KNOW, LOOKING AT YOU REAL CLOSE-LIKE, YOU SEEM FAMILIAR TO ME...

I'M PROBABLY GONNA REGRET THIS QUESTION BUT, YOU AIN'T THE DIRECTOR, ARE YOU? I MEAN, THE GUY WHO SIGNS MY CHEQUES?
I MIGHT BE...
OBOY. I'M IN TROUBLE, NO?
YOU WEREN'T LATE FOR ANYTHING IMPORTANT I JUST MADE YOU LATER FOR... WERE YOU, MMM?
YES, I WAS, AND DO YOU WANT TO STOP LEANING ON THE CAR, SINEW-HEAD..?
THAT MAKES IT OFFICIAL. I'M A DEAD MAN.
BECAUSE THE ARTIST IS BOTH MERCIFUL AND UNABLE TO DRAW GORE, WE WILL NOW SHIFT THE SCENE...
...AND SEE HOW STIG FARES IN HIS WONDERFUL FLYING BOAT.
HELP!
NOT TOO WELL.
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE GATES OF HELL, THE SIXTY-EIGHT MEN NEEDED FOR REAR GUARD HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY CHOSEN.
LEAVING ONLY DETECTIVE MURDOCH AND PATROLMAN PELLIGRINI TO ACCOMPANY BEATRICE THROUGH THE GATES.

THEY TRAVEL IN RESPECTFUL SILENCE EACH OF THEM SENSING THE POWER AND HISTORY THESE GATES REPRESENT.
WHAT GREETS THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE IS A SCENE OF UNRIVALED CHAOS AND FURY.
NG MUST GO!
THIS IS IT!!!
UCES SLASHED
70%
SALE
PELLIGRINI, WHAT IS THIS?
LOOKS LIKE A DUTY-FREE AREA. LAST CHANCE TO GET POST CARDS AND CHEAP LIQUOR BEFORE YOU TRAVEL INTO LOWER HELL.
This way you luc
Sale
DID DANTE EVER MENTION IT?
IT'S HARD TO BE SURE. THE INFERNO IS A VERY METAPHORICAL POEM...
OH, LOOK! A BOUTIQUE!
COULD WE SHOP FOR NEW CLOTHES?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH WHAT YOU'RE WEARING?
COME ON... THESE OLD THINGS?!? I CAN'T FORAY INTO THE INFERNO LIKE THIS...
I WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD IN THESE RAGS.
SOON, WITHIN JUST THE MOST DARLING SHOP...
Sins 'n' Things
SALE
50%
TERRIFIC! IT'S ONE OF THOSE WOMEN'S PLACES WITH UNDERWEAR OUT IN THE OPEN AND EVERYTHING...
THEY ALWAYS MAKE ME FEEL SO UNCOMFORTABLE.
SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK, MURDOCH, IS THIS ME? MAYBE IT'S NOT A GOOD COLOUR, HUH?
HONEST, NOW.
Naughty Things
SALE!

HELLO, LUV. MY NAME'S TREVOR...
...CAN I HELP YOU WITH SOMETHING?
NO, THANK YOU, SHE'S JUST LOOKING. WE HAVEN'T ANY MONIEY I'M AFRAID.
THAT'S OKAV, WE TAKE CHARGE.
SHE HASN'T A CARD...
WE'LL ACCEPT A PERSONAL CHEQUE.
NO.
METAMORPHIS ROOM
SHOP-LIFTING IS ENCOURAGED.
EXCUSE ME, DO YOU HAVE THIS IN BLUE?
THE BIG ONE!
SALE
OH, DON'T BE BEASTLY! EVER SINCE SPRINGSTEEN DID THAT DEPLORABLE SONG WE CAN'T KEEP THE COLOUR IN STOCK.
NO, NO, NO. COME OVER HERE. WE HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF JAMES DOOHAN DESIGNER COLOURS AGAINST THE BACK WALL...
OH, IT'S BEEN SUCH A MESS AROUND THE SHOP, WHAT, WITH THE PARTY AND ALL...

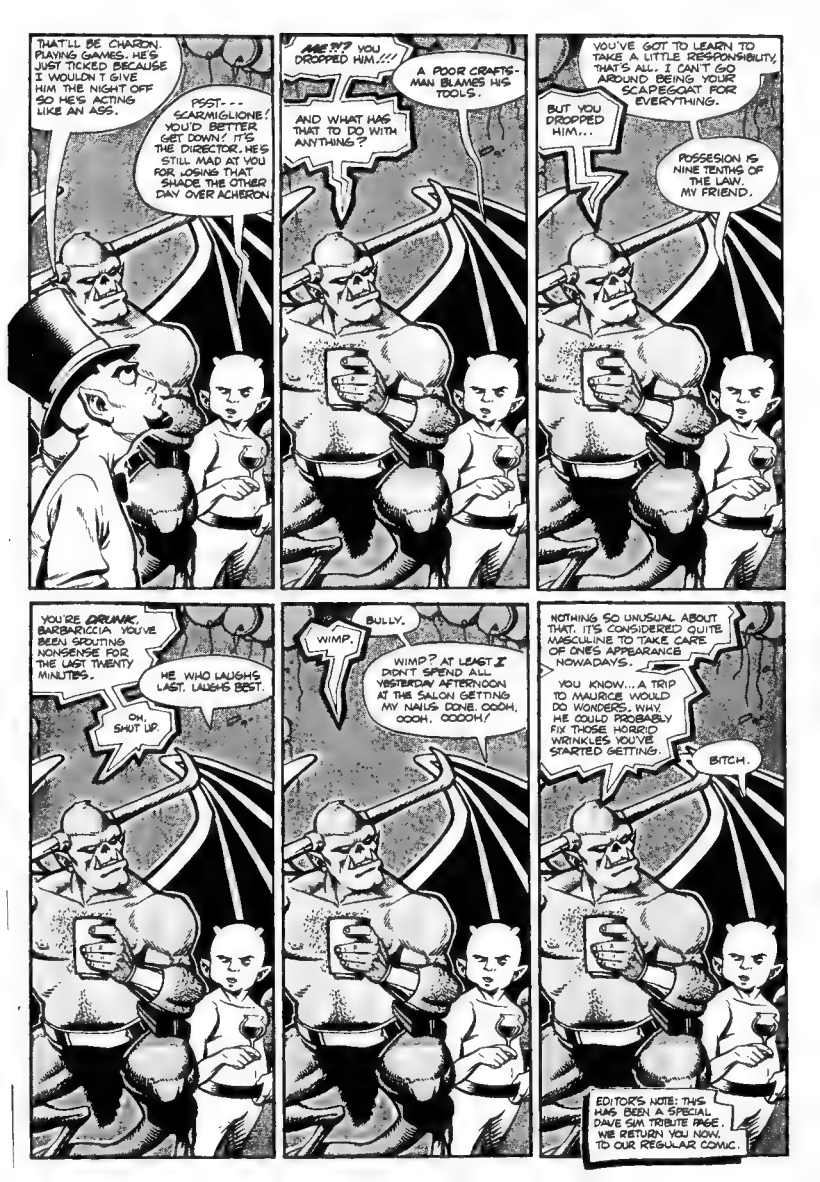
OKAY, ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
MEANWHILE...
AWFULLY OBLIGING OF THAT OFFICER TO RIP HIS OWN HEAD OFF, DON'T YOU THINK?
IT WAS HIS WAY OF THANKING YOU FOR BEING SO LENIENT, I'M SURE.
YOUR HAT, SIR?
YEAH, A REAL CLASS ACT, EH? HELENE MADE ME PUT IT ON.
OF COURSE. MAY I TAKE IT SIR?
NOT IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR HANDS, YOU WON'T.
CERTAINLY. MY MISTAKE. YOU LOOK MUCH BETTER WITH IT ON.
WHOM SHOULD I ANNOUNCE?
THERE'S NO HARM IN BEING FORMAL, IS THERE?
NOT IN THIS CAGE, MY LORD.
UH... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...
... THE PRINCE OF LIES, KING OF HELL, AND (SOME SAY) ULTIMATE RULER OF EARTH...

LORD SATAN!
AND GUESTS.
DID YOU SEE THE WAY LIZZIE BORDEN DID HER HAIR? OOOH, TACKY, TACKY, TACKY...
I'VE BEEN HEARING RUMOURS THAT YOU'RE THAT TYPE OF GIRL...
LOOK, CLOSE BUDDY. I'M NOT REALLY A GIRL.
THAT'S WHAT I MEANT.
DRINK?
NO THANK YOU.
SOME KIND OF IMMORAL DRUG, PERHAPS...
HIC.
HIC! HIC!
BURP
HIC.
BORN TO BE WILD
HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THREE NUNS IN A TRAIN COMPARTMENT?

GOOD EVENING, ASTAROTH. PARTY GOING WELL, IS IT?
SORT OF... THE STAFF ARE HAVING FUN.
GRAB!

THE STAFF ?!? THE PARTY'S NOT FOR THEM, I THREW THIS BLAST TO LOOSEN UP THOSE INSUFFERABLE "VIRTUOUS PAGANS". INTRODUCE 'EM TO A LITTLE SIN AND A GUTFUL OF GUILT. WHAT'S THEIR PROBLEM?
VIRTUE..?
OH, DON'T HAND ME THAT! NO ONE ENJOYS VIRTUE. THAT'S ALL A PUT-ON SO YOUR MOM WON'T LOOK IN THE SOCK DRAWER FOR YOUR PENTHOUSE LETTERS SPECIAL.

WATCH THIS...
ENJOYING YOURSELF, MY PRETTY SHADE?
WHAT'S GOING ON? THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A BARBECUE WITH CHARADES AND TWISTER AND STUFF. I MEAN, WHEN ARE WE EEEEK!!
AH, I SEE YOU'VE MET MARTIN.
FLASH!
©DC COMICS
AND SO IT GOES...
THESE FLYING BOATS'LL NEVER CATCH ON...
SURE, THEY MAY NOT LEAK, BUT IT WOULD BE MESSY TO WATER SKI OFF ONE.
THAT FLYING BOAT JUST BUZZED OVERHEAD, AGAIN.
HELP!


THAT'LL BE CHARON. PLAYING GAMES. HE'S JUST TICKED BECAUSE I WOULDN'T GIVE HIM THE NIGHT OFF SO HE'S ACTING LIKE AN ASS.
PSST--- SCARMIGLIONE! YOU'D BETTER GET DOWN! IT'S THE DIRECTOR. HE'S STILL MAD AT YOU FOR LOSING THAT SHADE THE OTHER DAY OVER ACHERON.
AHEM?? YOU DROPPED HIM.!!!!
A POOR CRAFTSMAN BLAMES HIS TOOLS.
AND WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO TAKE A LITTLE RESPONSIBILITY, THAT'S ALL. I CAN'T GO AROUND BEING YOUR SCAPEGOAT FOR EVERYTHING.
BUT YOU DROPPED HIM...
POSSESION IS NINE TENTHS OF THE LAW, MY FRIEND.
YOU'RE DRUNK, BARBARICCIA. YOU'VE BEEN SPOUTING NONSENSE FOR THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES.
HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST.
OH, SHUT UP.
BULLY.
WIMP.
WIMP? AT LEAST I DON'T SPEND ALL YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT THE SALON GETTING MY NAILS DONE. OOOH, OOOH, OOOOH!
NOTHING SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT. IT'S CONSIDERED QUITE MASCULINE TO TAKE CARE OF ONE'S APPEARANCE NOWADAYS.
YOU KNOW... A TRIP TO MAURICE WOULD DO WONDERS. WHY, HE COULD PROBABLY FIX THOSE HORRID WRINKLES YOU'VE STARTED GETTING.
BITCH.
EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS HAS BEEN A SPECIAL DAVE SIM TRIBUTE PAGE. WE RETURN YOU NOW, TO OUR REGULAR COMIC.

THIS THING HAS GOT TO COME DOWN SOMETIME. WHEN DOES IT RUN OUT OF GAS?
KOFF
SPUTTER
SPUT
FUHH
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL.
A BIG HAND FOR STAN AND JURGEN HEARNBLATT, LADIES AND GENTLEMAN! IT JUST WOULDN'T BE HELL WITHOUT A POLKA BAND, NOW WOULD IT? BUT SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, I KID THE BAVARIAN PEOPLE BUT WE NEED THEM. THEY'RE IMPORTANT...
...SOMEONE HAS TO MAKE THE REST OF EUROPE LOOK GOOD.
BA-DUM-BUM!
POLITE APPLAUSE!
-ONLY THE ONE.
BUT NOW, IT'S TIME FOR THE BAND THAT EVERYONE'S GOING ON ABOUT. SID VICIOUS RETURNS TO THE SPOTLIGHT AS HE DEBUTS HIS NEW ACT ON THIS VERY STAGE, TONIGHT!/
SO, A WARM WELCOME FOR "SEMI-COLON AND THE COLOSTOMIES."
THIS WAY
THAT'S IT. I'M PLUMMETING AGAIN SO SOMEBODY'S GETTING SUED.
AT LEAST THIS TIME IT APPEARS I'LL HAVE A NICE SOFT ROCK BAND TO LAND ON.
PLUMMET
FALL
PLUNGE!
GOOD EVENIN' YOU SWEATY LI'L TURDS. MY FIRST SONG IS BLOODY 'ORRIBLE BUT I'M GONNA DO IT ANYWAYS. KNOW WHY?
WHY, SID?
HOWCOME?
JEEZ. I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT KNOW.

IT IS AT THIS POINT THAT STIG'S BOAT COLLIDES WITH SIDS HEAD, MAKING AN OBNOXIOUS AMOUNT OF NOISE.
KRAASH
WONDERFULLY VIOLENT!! A REAL MESSAGE.
SIDS IMPROVING SOME SINCE HE DIED.
WHO PLAYS BOAT? HE'S FABULOUS! GREAT CHOPS!
BAH!
GREAT.
WAS THAT CHARON? WAS THAT HIS BOAT?!? I'M GOING TO DO HIM FOR THIS, HE'S RUINING MY PARTY!
STAGE
GET OUT OF THAT HOLE, YOU WRETCHED LITTLE STINK-BUG! YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT SMARTIES IN YOUR SOCK THIS CHRISTMAS, I'M FED UP WITH YOU AND YOUR STUPID FLYING BOATS! THEY DON'T...
HANG ON--- YOU'RE NOT CHARON...
SHOULD I BE? MY NAME'S STIG.
CAN I USE THE PHONE?
NEXT: Stig doesn't get to use the phone.

a tale of stig

when stig was a boy

WHERE'S MY BABY-ICKLES WICKY-POO?
THERE HE IS!
IS MY STIGGUMS READY FOR HIS BED-TIME SLEEPIES?
TAP
TAP
OOOH, HE'S SUCH AN ANGEL. OH, YES HE IS. SUCH A DARLING WITTLE ANGEL FACE.
SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART.
CLICK
DRAT.
I'VE BEEN PUT TO BED WITHOUT MY RATTLE.
CAN'T REACH IT...
...SHOULD I CRY?
NOPE.
CAN'T SEE AS IT WILL DO ANY GOOD. MOM NEVER SEEMS TO KNOW WHY I CRY. SHE'D TUCK ME IN AGAIN AND I'D BE BACK TO SQUARE ONE.
RIGHT ABOUT NOW, I'D SELL MY SOUL FOR THAT RATTLE.
Poof

WORDS- Ty

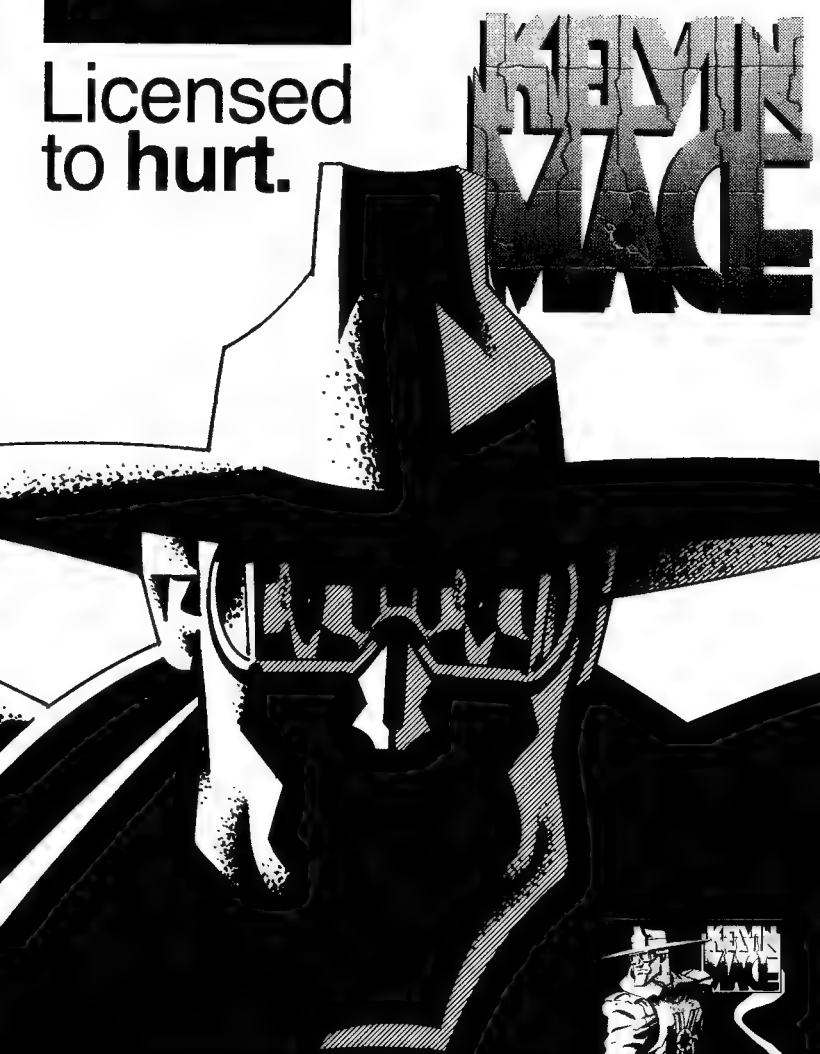
ART- Anthony Van Bruggen.

AWRIGHT... WHERE AM I?
THIS LOOKS LIKE A KIDS NURSERY...
HEY! WAIT-A-MINUTE, HERE. YOU SUMMONED ME, DIDN'T YOU?
WOW! YOU'VE GOT TO BE THE YOUNGEST CONTRACT, EVER. I'M GONNA BE IN THE RECORD BOOKS.
NO ONE ELSE YOUR AGE HAS THE ABILITY TO FORM THE IDEA.
I SAW IT IN A MOVIE. DO I UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS? GIVE ME A BREAK.
SO... THAT RATTLE FOR YOUR ETERNAL SOUL, EH? YOU SURE THAT'S THE DEAL? I'M NOT COMPLAINING, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT IT DOES SEEM A TRIFLE ONE-SIDED.
YOU KNOW, IT JUST THIS MOMENT OCCURED TO ME THAT YOUR PRESENCE IN MY ROOM IS SUFFICIENTLY UPSETTING THAT I SHOULD HAVE A GOOD CRY AND MAKE AN AWFUL LOT OF NOISE.
WE BABIES DO THAT.
WAA-A-A-A-A!

NAAAH
NO!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS BUT I GET ALL TONGUE-TIED, I TRIP ALL OVER MY BIG STUPID FEET. I NEVER SAY THE RIGHT THING.
IT'S JUST HORRIBLE.
DON'T DO THAT! YOU'LL ROUSE YOUR MOTHER AND I CAN'T HANDLE WOMEN...
HUSH, LITTLE BABY, DON'T SAY A WORD. MOMMA'S GONNA BUY YOU A MOCKING BIRD...
C'MON..
WAAAAAAAAAAAAA
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT.
SHE'S BOUND TO SHOW UP.
I'M OFF.
CLIC
POOF
GOO.
OH, SWEET-CAKES. IS SOMETHING UPSETTING YOU? MOMMY'S HERE.
THERE, THERE. IT'S ALL RIGHT. DID 'OO HAVE A BAD DREAM, SNOOKUMS?
OH, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT! THE RATTLE. AFTER ALL THIS TRAUMA I STILL DON'T GET THE RATTLE.
YOU CALL THAT FAIR?

Licensed to **hurt.**

KEVIN MACE



He was licensed to kill, but that's currently on suspension.

Art by Klaus Schoenefeld, Script by Ty Templeton.
First issue June '85. From Vortex.

IT IS TEN DAYS AFTER THE MARINES LANDED THEIR INVASION TROOPS AT THE BEACH OF ANZIO, ITALY. TEN DAYS AND TEN MILES OF MARCHING LED A SMALL GROUP OF SOLDIERS TO THIS FILTHY HOLE IN THE GROUND.
THEY DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT BEFORE BOTH THE ENEMY'S ARTILLERY AND GROUND TROOPS FOUND THEIR POSITION AND BEGAN TO FIRE.
AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO REALIZE THEY WERE TRAPPED.
POSSIBLY, FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES!
WE'RE BOXED IN GUYS. IF WE DON'T GET REINFORCEMENTS SOON, WE'RE NOT GOING HOME.
I'M NOT SCARED TO DIE SARGE. I JUST WISH I COULD TELL MY GIRL TINA, I LOVE HER ONE MORE TIME.
KPOW!
POW!
KA-POW
A TWO-PAGE SHAMELESS FILLER!
HAVE I EVER SHOWN YOU HER PICTURE? I CARRY IT WITH ME WHEREVER I GO...
I'LL LOOK AT IT LATER, O'BILLOVICH. I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING AT THE MOMENT.
KPOW!
SHE'S LOST A BIT OF WEIGHT AND HAD HER HAIR DONE SINCE THIS WAS TAKEN BUT YOU CAN STILL GET THE GENERAL IDEA...
LATER!
SPANG
POW!
HEY! CAN I SEE THAT?

ALRIGHT, BUT WATCH THE FRAME, WILLYA? IT'S AN ANTIQUE. BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR YEARS.
POW!
WHERE IS THAT MACHINE GUN?
BANG!
SAY THIS IS SWELL. DID YOU GET IT DONE PROFESSIONALLY?
SORT OF. MY BROTHER-IN-LAW DID IT. HE'S A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER IN PITTSBURGH. HE DIDN'T CHARGE ME A DIME. THOUGH.
EAT HOT LEAD FOUL ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY!!!
PING!
RATATAT
NO? I HAD A PHOTOGRAPH OF MY DOGS ENLARGED TO A WALL SIZE POSTER AT THE P.X. PHOTO-LAB AND IT COST ME A FORTUNE.
THAT'S THE ADVANTAGE OF GETTING SOMEONE IN THE FAMILY. SEE?
I KNOW.
BOOM
POW!
DO YOU THINK HE COULD DO SOME SHOTS FOR ME?
KNOW
I'LL ASK HIM. BUT I DOUBT IT.
I'M HIT!
C'MON, YOU GUYS... ANYONE WANT TO SEE THE SLIDES MY WIFE AND I TOOK ON OUR TRIP TO THE SOUTH BRONX LAST YEAR?
BLAM
WHAT? CAN THIS BE? THE PLATOON TRAPPED BEHIND ENEMY LINES?!?
THE SERGEANT SHOT?!?
MALONE SHOWING THOSE DAMNED SLIDES AGAIN?!?
JOIN SGT. TOUGHTOOTH AND HIS MARAUDING COMMANDOS NEXT MONTH, FOR AN ADVENTURE WE CALL...
EVERYBODY GETS SHOT AT SOME MORE!

SUBSCRIBE!

Send cheque or money order to:
Vortex Comics
96 Spadina Ave. 9th Floor
Toronto, Ont.
Canada M5V 2J6

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PROV/STATE _____

POSTAL CODE _____

one year subscription(6 issues) reg. $10.00
two year subscription(12 issues) reg. $18.00

VORTEX COMICS

The Revenge of Zamora

Motter · Seth · Diamond

MISTER X

NUMBER 6